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The Mourning LADY:

O R,

The Loyal Lover's Lamentation

FOR THE

Loss of her Noble COMMANDER,

W H O

Received his Death's Wound at the Decent to *France*.

To the Tune of, *The Guinney wins her*, &c.

I Am a mournful Lady,
Sharp Sorrows I lye under,
My very Heart is ready,
With Grief to burst in sunder;
Farewel to all the joys of Love,
There is nothing I ador'd above,
My brave Commander, who
Has bid the World adieu,
And I am left behind,
With a perplexed mind;
And can no Comfort find,
Since he, is slain who was the Life of me.

He often fought in *Flanders*,
Likewise in foreign Nations,
One of the chief Commanders;
His Friends and near Relations,
Have cause to Mourn as well as I,
That so brave a General should Dye,
A true and trusty Soul,
This Loss we must Condole,
For he was one of those,
That never fear'd his Foes,
But did his Life expose,
Till he, has met his fatal Destiny.

In famous *France* he landed,
Through Smoak and Flame he enter'd,
For since he was command,
His Life he freely ventur'd;
And there they spilt his dearest Blood,
Leaving me, alas to shed a Flood
Of sad lamenting Tears,
For nothing else appears,
But Sorrow, Grief, and Woe,
Mine Eye-lids over-flow,
Ay, Whether shall I go
To find, some Comfort for a grieved Mind?

L O N D O N: Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in *Guilt-street*.

I Dream of bloody Banners,
Each Night as I am lying;
I waking cry, that Honours
Are fading, Shadows flying;
Before he felt that fatal Wound,
My dear Valiant *Talmash* was renown'd,
And sword on wings of Fame,
Thousands ador'd his Name,
Yet by one single Ball,
One Minute lasted all,
And I lament his fall,
For he, is slain who was the Life of me.

In Love I did my passion
Reveal to worthy *Talmash*;
Since he could not restore him,
My Grief is out of Measure;
His Death may well lamented be,
One that serv'd his Prince by Land and Sea,
Right Loyal, True and Just,
And Faithful to his Trust;
It was his chief Delight
The Nations Wrongs to Right;
And now his last good Night,
I find, will be a Sorrow to my mind.

He whom I did admire,
Went hence by bloody Slaughter,
And fain would I expire,
That I might follow after,
For why should I alive remain,
Since my dearest loyal Love is slain?
With Grief I am oppress'd,
Oh, that I was at rest
With him that's gone before,
I ne'er shall see him more,
His Death does grieve me sore,
For he, is slain who was the Life of me.



(1694-95)

... was ... (see Talmash)